9/15/71

Mr. John Barkham
27 E 65 St.,
New York, N.Y. 10021

Dear Mr. Barkham,

Having read your "review" of Bishop's latest contribution to the boiling goosegrease, your attempted literary assassination of my work requires little further explanation.

You began with your own preconceptions, and who the hell is some upstart writer proving what you, in your infinite wisdom, have already ordained, can be wrong?

Is not that superior Barkham wisdom and intuition more dependable that such ignoble things as facts (a problem you can never find in Bishop's stuff),

In the remote chance that you take time from your royal commission, to determine what the American people may and may no know, may or may not consider about important events of the day and their lives, why not ponder one of many inconsistencies, your attack on my work and your sentence, "Oddly enough, Bishop virtually ignores the subsequent trial (sic), presumably because so little surfaced there."

If "oddly"?, yours, is the right word, and if you and Bishop postulate a conspiracy, what better reason for "virtually ignoring" that "trial" than Ray's proclamation against interest, that there has been a conspiracy?

These two quotations are ample display of the time you spend reading non-fiction. I do not credit the alternative, that you lack comprehension.

Frank's will, indeed, be a "major inquiry", possibly the reason it is so late and, I understand, not in the catalogues as you say it. I can measure this from the hysteria with which he came rushing up to me one night. Or his dependance upond Huie's material. And Huie's appraisal of Frank's work, that it is a disaster.

Will you have a bit of "Old Crow" (black) with me if Frank's never appears?

You've got one great line in this mess: "It is thus to investigative reporters that we must turn to answers, if any." But it is a bit indefinite. To whom do you refer, Bishop, who you say has no answers? Frank, whose magnus opus is so very, very late and who is so sick? Or Huie?

It must be great to play God. And as you seem to play the game, to come to really believe you are.

I'll bow thrice to the east as I seal this.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg